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IN MEMORIAM.

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SMITHSONIAN DEPOSIT.

"To Mrs D.N. Mahon, with all the sincerity two hearts can possibly feel, we present this "Memorial Tribute" of one she deeply loved in life, and mourned for in death.

D.C.T. Mrs Forney

Washington D C
June 3rd 1886

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[Daniel Carpenter Forney, comp.]

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE

TO

EMMA FORNEY-EBY,

Born May 15, 1854; Died January 28, 1886.

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LOVINGLY DEDICATED

TO

HER DEAR MOTHER.

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WASHINGTON:
RUFUS H. DARBY PRINTER, AND PUBLISHER.
1886.

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INTRODUCTION.

The object of this Memorial tribute to our dear daughter Emma is to preserve in some convenient form the various expressions from her friends and associates in life of her inestimable character, both as a Christian and in all the other qualities which make up a beautiful womanhood. It is also to show the deep appreciation in which these tributes are held by those with whom she was connected by the warmest parental love, for whose comfort and condolence they largely contributed in the hours of their deep and overwhelming affliction, and that they will be treasured as long as the sweet memory of her they help to commemorate can be preserved by human affection.

Death at all times and under all conditions of human life is an unwelcome messenger. If not always so to those whose earthly career it ends—some heart-strings are strained, some teardrops are started, some tender memories are revived by the melancholy lesson it teaches. How terribly more so are such Providences when they come without either warning or expectation, and suddenly strike the most cherished jewel of a household—a loving daughter and young wife—when human hopes are the brightest, and the future full of the most encouraging possibilities. To have such a life suddenly cut off, which one brief hour before was jubilant with song and friendly greetings, partakes more of tragedy than death in its usual form. Yet such, in brief words, was the manner of our dear daughter's earthly ending. Her young life went out like the sudden vanishing of a sunbeam—the evaporation of a dew-drop. I will not attempt to portray the agony of our hearts when this news reached us—separated as we were by over a hundred miles—the utter despair and the gloom

that settled upon us—nor when at last we fully realized that our daughter, our EMMA, was dead, and we saw all that was left of her lovingly and tenderly laid in her grave. Whatever power language may possess, however searchingly it may be able to unfold the depth of the human heart, it can never tell or measure our sorrow, nor how impenetrable the gloom, how hopeless the shadows that surrounded us. But God at last, through the instrumentality of loving, devoted friends, and in answer to Christian prayers, opened the way for us to understand His Providence and the lesson it was intended to teach us. Never were sorrowing hearts more abundantly consoled with Christian prayers than ours. The very atmosphere surrounding the death and attending the burial of our daughter was full of supplications for our comfort and of Christian rejoicing over the victory of her death. We could say for the first time, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight." Terrible and agonizing to our feelings as the lesson was, we can understand it now.

The Christian religion, as exemplified in the life and character of our dear daughter, was never more strongly and convincingly impressed upon our minds; and this, added to the tributes paid to her memory by church people of all denominations in the city (Harrisburg, Pa.,) where she died, and in the city (Lebanon, Pa.,) where she was born and was buried, all go to show that the gift of such a child possessed a higher value than the joys her life could bestow upon this earth. Such are, at least, some of the conclusions we draw from her death, and why her sweet memory is gradually becoming a subject of the happiest and most consoling contemplations. What was at first dark and gloomy is now bright and hopeful. Heaven is much nearer because we feel she is there. "No longer here," says Hawthorne, in the first hours of parental grief; "she is there, gazing, seeing, knowing, loving, as the blessed only see and know and love. Earth has one angel less and heaven one more since yesterday. Already, kneeling at the Throne, she has received her welcome and is resting on the bosom of her Saviour. If

human love have power to penetrate the veil (and hath it not?), then *there are yet living here a few who have the blessedness of knowing that an angel loves them.*"

Blessed memory, dear, darling daughter, we can now appreciate the wisdom of your oft-repeated desire to go first, to lead the way, because your Christian faith was more familiar with it. You have crossed the mountain and are safe on the other side. Knowing this, the storms and trials still left to us will be less severe, in the abiding, comforting faith that you have gone before to open the way for us; and as Young, with his poetic as well as prophetic genius, assures us—

> "To smooth
> Our rugged path to death, to break those bars
> Of terror and abhorrence, nature throws
> Cross our obstructed way, and thus to make
> Welcome as safe, our port from every storm."

D. C. F.

IN MEMORIAM.

The subject of these memorial tributes—Emma Forney Eby—was the daughter of D. Carpenter and Catharine Reinhard Forney. She was born May 15, 1854, at Lebanon, Pennsylvania. When seven years old her parents moved to Washington City, D. C., where her father shortly thereafter engaged in journalism, as the publisher of the "Daily and Sunday Morning Chronicle," under the editorial control and ownership of Col. John W. Forney. Her preparatory education was in several of the private schools of that city, and was completed at the Fulford Female Seminary, Sandy Springs, Montgomery county, Md., under the management and tutorage of James S. Hallowell, widely and deservedly known as one of the most successful schools in the country. Apart from Mr. Hallowell's practical mode of teaching, the Quaker influences of the village in which the school was located, it being a Quaker settlement, and he a prominent Quaker, had much to do in directing the natural, refined instincts of Mrs. Eby, which, in after life, gave such prominence to her beautiful character, and to which Mr. Hallowell and others, whose letters of condolence are printed in these pages, so touchingly refer.

After finishing her education she returned to her home in Washington, where her life became rather an exception to the gayeties of society at the National Capital. Her father's position offered her many opportunities to social distinction, and for a time she entered into some of its gayeties; was greatly admired for her personal beauty and gracefulness of manners, but neither of these influences were ever strong enough to interfere with her inherent Christian inclinations. She preferred the more substantial and lasting of

home associations and the influences of the church. She, therefore, became a member of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, under the pastorate of Rev. S. S. Mitchell, between whom and this young communicant there was formed the strongest Christian attachment, lasting until the hour of her death. On March 16, 1877, Dr. Mitchell united her in marriage to W. Howard Eby, of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. She was married in the church where her profession of Christian faith was made, attended by all the happy and promising auspices which fond parents and loving friends could possibly contribute. No daughter was ever given in marriage more lovingly and with more prayerful desires and hopes for a long life of happiness and prosperity; no bride ever left home under more hearty congratulations than she. During her residence at Harrisburg, covering a period of nearly nine years, she was an active worker in the Pine Street Presbyterian Church of that city, a diligent teacher in its Sabbath-school, as well as an earnest worker in many other societies appertaining to that church. She was president of the Ladies' Musical Club, and a member of other social singing associations in that city. She possessed rare musical taste, and gave early encouragement to her instinctive talent for it, preferring and cultivating vocal music of the highest and most critical character; remarkably gifted with a sweet soprano voice, full of sympathy and pathos, which at times was capable of awakening the tenderest emotions, as was frequently attested by her friends, both in Harrisburg and Washington City, to many of whom its endearing echoes will long be associated with her sweet memory. Of her many other qualities of heart and mind, exemplified in the Christian work she so cheerfully accepted and faithfully performed in the city of her adoption, where she won the esteem and respect of all classes, rich and poor, as well as Christians of every denomination, it is left to be told in the tributes paid to her memory in these after pages.

HER DEATH.

At Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, January 28, 1886, with scarcely a moment's warning, her young soul winged its way from earth to heaven. Mrs. Eby had never been from early childhood of robust health, although possessed with an indomitable will and perseverance more than her physical strength could endure.

The particulars of her death are best stated by one of the Harrisburg papers the morning after it occurred, as follows:

"The most sudden death that has occurred in this city for a long time was that of Mrs. W. H. Eby. The first announcement of the sad occurrence was discredited, and those who had seen the lady in full health and spirits early in the day, were only convinced of the stern reality by a visit to her residence. The particulars of the sudden demise require but few words. It was a few moments before one o'clock and Mr. Eby had returned from his office and handed a letter to his wife, which she read. She had hardly finished when she passed her hand over her forehead and suddenly fell forward. Mr. Eby, seeing his wife was rapidly sinking, sent for a physician. It was of no avail, however, as the spark of life had fled. The exact cause of death is largely a matter of conjecture, but it is believed to have been paralysis of the brain, the result of the bursting of a blood vessel."

The cause of her death as here stated was confirmed by her attending physicians to the entire satisfaction of her parents and friends. As can well be imagined the sudden death of so estimable a lady was not only a shock to her immediate circle of friends and acquaintances at her home and elsewhere, but it cast a gloom over the entire community in which she lived.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral of Emma Forney-Eby took place the Monday following her demise, February 1st, at the Pine Street Presbyterian Church, the Rev. George S. Chambers officiating. The congregation was one of the largest ever assembled there, being composed of members of different denominations of Harrisburg, Washington, D. C., Philadelphia, Lancaster and Lebanon, who showed by their presence the high religious esteem in which Mrs. Eby was held. The pall-bearers were Messrs. J. W. Greenland, Luther Kelker, Dr. C. Westbrook, Harry Boas, T. T. Weirman, Jr., and Joshua Gross; and when they entered the church with the casket, covered with beautiful floral tributes, the large congregation arose and remained standing until it was placed upon the bier in front of the pulpit. As the pall-bearers proceeded down the aisle, followed by the bereaved family and immediate friends, the pastor read the solemn words of the burial service, "I am the resurrection and the life," &c. Then a quartette, consisting of Mrs. E. Z. Gross, Miss M. B. Mowry, and Messrs. E. Z. and George Gross, sang the hymn beginning—

Beyond the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon!
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon!
Love, rest and home—
Sweet hope! Lord, tarry not, but come!

Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon;
Love, rest and home—
Sweet hope! Lord, tarry not, but come!

Never were these lines sung with more impressive effect, as was evidenced by the breathless and solemn silence which pervaded the large congregation present. With many their encouraging words will linger as the sweetest remembrance of her who now rejoices in the fullness of the heavenly "love, rest and home."

Dr. Chambers followed with the Scripture lesson and then delivered the following address:

THE ADDRESS.

We had supposed ourselves acquainted with the fact that death has his sudden as well as his slower methods of summoning the children of men. But there is a great difference between the knowledge of the fact from a general observation, and the knowledge which is acquired when the circle of friendship is startingly invaded by "the last enemy."

Our supposed familiarity with the truth that death has all seasons and methods for his own, did not abate in the slightest degree, the shock of the announcement made on last Thursday that Mrs. Eby had been called from time to eternity! That day had begun brightly for her. Her prospects were full of hope and promise. Friends were associating with her name and abilities methods of Christian work, in respect to which, from her known spirit of willingness, her co-operation was confidently expected. When the tidings reached us, "she is dead," then the suddenness with which death sometimes acts both startled and silenced us. That suddenness brought out more impressively the simple, ordinary actions of her last hours. We recalled her showing, by her presence at the funeral of a friend, her sympathy with those who had been bereaved. We heard of her brightening others' homes by her visits. On the day so eventful to her she had, as was her wont, given by her cheerful buoyant spirits at the morning meal her impressions of what she

desired every day to be. A few hours had been filled up with that variety of details which contribute to each day's history, and then with no premonitions of it—the message came. A momentary sense of pain, a few rapid breathings, and her earthly life was ended. She had entered the unseen world. She had solved the problem of destiny. She knew the meaning of immortality and eternity!

Even yet it is difficult to believe that the bright face that formerly looked out from yonder pew is hidden forever from our gaze, and that the voice is stilled which fell upon our ears in pleasant greeting or in beautiful song. But so it is. The casket takes the place of the pew. Instead of the notes of melody there is the seal of silence upon those lips. Grief has dethroned enjoyment. Nought is left us of the worshipper who so recently bowed the head and lifted the heart in prayer but these remnants of mortality which we shall soon reverently lay to rest. And think of it! It needed but a moment to effect these transformations. Such changes as these which have turned our joy into mourning, and brought her into such intimate relations to the things unseen and eternal, have taken place in less time than it takes us to speak of them.

It was the prayer of good Andrew Fuller, "Lord, be pleased to shake my clay cottage before Thou throwest it down. Make it totter awhile before it doth tumble. Let me be summoned before I am surprised." This is a prayer which, perhaps, all of us are disposed to adopt. But the answer to it is a matter of the Divine will and the Divine wisdom. Apart from the shock given to sorrowing friends by the sudden departure of one whom we love, there is, in respect to the Christian man or woman, much in connection with a sudden death that even makes it desirable. For it is a merciful preventive of wasting, wearing disease. It delivers the Christian from the trials to faith that are incident to protracted and painful sickness. It saves him the strain upon his natural affections, as well as on his physical sensi-

bilities, which is often attendant upon slower methods of dying. It permits the healthful enjoyment of life up to its latest hour. And may it not be that it enhances the glorious surprise which bursts upon the Christian when he steps out from a sinful to a sinless world.

In connection with our Lord's prophecy of the manner and the circumstances of the death of his apostle Peter, we read this suggestive comment of the inspired evangelist: "This He said, signifying by what death he (the disciple) should glorify God." It is a fact, then, that by their deaths, as well as by their lives, Christians can be fulfilling a wise and holy purpose. If this be so, then there are uses to be subserved by a sudden death, which will glorify God. Are there not some such in this event? Will not God be glorified if by reason of this great bereavement we are drawn nearer to Him? Will He not be glorified if we are led to review our own narrow, limited theories of life, and to adopt others which will embrace high ideas of usefulness and lofty aspirations for time and for eternity? If this event arrests the earthly current of feeling, if it impresses upon us the truth that it is our business to live for God; if it makes the careless thoughtful and brings them to face their needs as moral and immortal beings; it it emphasizes the truth that whatever else we plan for we must not leave our own eternity out of the account; if it stimulates a reverent inquiry in regard to another world and another life, and suggests the examination of our personal attitude to those great verities; if it shows us how frail a tenure after all that is which we have upon the life that now is, which may be terminated at any moment; if it leads us to a study of that Gospel of Life and Immortality which Jesus Christ, the sinner's Saviour, and the Prince of Life has revealed, who is there can deny that such results as these will glorify God, inasmuch as they tend to our highest good, and that always redounds in no small degree to the glory of God! And what an honor is that which has been bestowed upon our sister, when her de-

parture is seen to be a part of her high service to that God who has called her to His own kingdom and glory!

Am I wrong in asserting that such have been the results of this startling Providence? If it has made more vivid her past relationship and affections, does it not also emphasize our duties, our needs, our privileges, our prospects also, if we are the children of God?

It is our privilege to think of her to-day as a Christian friend. She made a profession of faith in Christ in 1875, in the city of Washington. She was active there in church work, having taught for some time in the Bethany Mission Sabbath-school in that city. She was married in March, 1877, and soon after settled in Harrisburg, and has been a consistent member of this church, in whose fellowship she died. It has been a joy to hear from Christian friends who knew her well, their testimony to her conscientiousness of life. She had a high sense of Christian obligation, which showed itself, among other ways, in her scrupulous avoidance of passing judgment upon others. She had her own experience of trial and discipline which she bravely and uncomplainingly bore, and those who knew her felt themselves more and more drawn to her. Simple, unaffected, strong in her attachments, self-denying in her affections, she was the source of no little happiness in the circles of friendship and in the still closer intimacies of the home. All of you knew her; some of you knew and loved her. You shared in her affection. Your life was made the brighter for you by her intimacy. It is no little joy to you to-day to recall such fellowship. Cherish those memories. Speak about them to one another, but in connection with them ask the question as to the renewal of such communion. Indulging as we do the Christian's hope in respect to her, it is yours to seek the conditions of the re-establishment of such friendships in a world where they will be holier, and forever free from all possibility of severance.

It would not be fitting this public occasion to add to the

grief of these stricken friends by picturing their loss. Suffice to say—she was a daughter and a sister who was tenderly beloved and tenderly loving. The old home feeling never left her heart. She was a wife most faithful and affectionate. Her prospects in regard to her earthly future were bright. She was looking forward, in common with him who mourns her departure, to their occupancy of a beautiful home. Ah! what a disappointment! some may say. But is it, so far as she is concerned? Is it, when we hear the Master's words—"In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also"?

This daughter, sister, wife, friend, is now the subject of a memory which makes sacred the past, of an affection which asserts her present life, and of hopes which, through the grace of Jesus Christ, may be realized throughout a glorious future. May God give these sorely bereaved ones the consolation of His own presence. He is with us to-day. Let no grief blind us to the perception of that fact. These Gospel messages are the words of a living Lord. They speak to us of the conquest of death. They describe the glory and the happiness of the redeemed in the house not made with hands. They take the place of human messages which are so formal when spoken by those who do not know what grief is, and which are so faltering and broken when spoken by those who do. They illumine this hour. They span the grave with the prophecy of resurrection. Oh! blessed Gospel of the Son of God, shining in our hearts when all around is dark and cheerless; a peaceful and a powerful Gospel, as the word of the Prince of Peace and the Conqueror of Death. Let these bereaved ones be assured of the sympathy of Christ, and the sympathy of all their brothers and sisters in sorrow. At the longest, life is but brief, and this separation need be but temporary. It may be—God forbid—an eternal separation, if any should put away the Savior who redeemed, and who has now glorified her; but to all of you who accept His

salvation, there is the blessed certainty of a life that shall derive its highest joy from knowing Him; and joys which, though not so high, will yet be wonderful, in knowing them who have gone before us to that world of bliss. Death becomes, to every one filled with these hopes, the messenger of gladness. The grave is transformed into the portal of a resurrection glory.

"How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
From sin, to pleasing God:
For the pardoned in thy land are bright
As innocence in robe of white,
And walk on the same road."

"How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
Straight to our Father's home:
All loss were gain that gained us this,
The sight of God! that single bliss
Of the grand world to come."

At the close of the sermon, which was delivered with feeling effect, as evidenced by the close attention of the congregation, the quartette sang another appropriate hymn, with the following words:

A light streams downward from the sky,
An open door the radiance shows,
Through which the ransomed spirits fly,
To enter bliss no mortal knows.

Girded with gladness in that home,
No soul its sackcloth ever wears;
No sickness, griefs, or fears can come,
Nor burdened heart with heavy cares.

A tree of life with pleasant shade
Grows in that upper Paradise;
Renewed from Eden's early glade,
Its various fruit each want supplies.

There flowers of grace in beauty stand,
With fragrance of immortal bloom;
No blighting breath, nor icy hand,
Demands their sweetness for the tomb.

Sweet, sinless home! my spirit longs
To mount the skies, and breathe thine air;
With grateful heart to join the songs,
Whose rolling tide flows ceaseless there.

After the close of this hymn the congregation was dismissed with the benediction. The remains were then borne from the church, and the funeral party were driven to the Philadelphia and Reading depot. A private car was in readiness to take them to Lebanon, the place of final interment, where they arrived at 2.50 P. M. Dr. Chambers and Rev. A. H. Studebaker accompanied the funeral party.

THE LAST SAD RITES AT LEBANON.

A large number of friends received the funeral party at the depot, and followed the remains to St. John's Reformed Church, where another service was held. As the remains were borne up the aisle of the church, Rev. A. H. Studebaker, of Harrisburg, repeated the words of the burial service, and then read from the pulpit the Scripture lesson. After appropriate singing by the choir, the Rev. Thos. S. Johnson, D. D., of Lebanon, delivered the following sermon. Having known the deceased in her childhood, his beautiful words were all the more appropriate to the sad occasion.

THE SERMON.

"And his disciples came, and took up the body and buried it, and went and told Jesus."—MATTHEW 14, 12.

The disciples of John were sorely bereaved. Their beloved master was dead, and their hearts were oppressed with grief. After performing the last sad rites of sepulture, they "went and told Jesus." Bereavements in all the ages past, and in all to come, have saddened and will continue to sadden human hearts. No rank or condition of society is exempt. To-day in the highest social circles of the land the dark cloud is resting upon a bereaved household. The Secretary of State, at the capital of the nation, suddenly deprived of a loving daughter, and now the companion of his bosom, is a sad example of the sudden transition from joy to grief to which we are all liable. Also the deceased who now lies at this holy altar, in the narrow house, beautifully decked with the offerings of love, the beauty and fragrance of which symbolizes the loveliness of her character and life. I have known her for a score of years—have seen her develop from youth to womanhood, filling the various relations of life—daughter, sister, wife, and friend—with all the graces of virtue, friendship, and love. Her warm, noble heart beat with generous impulses, and many shared her beneficence, and feel to-day their loss. Yes! this dark cloud has settled suddenly upon many a heart before me. Its deep, chilling folds are enveloping us with the mantle of despair. Where shall we find relief in this hour of midnight gloom? No star lights up the firmament—all is darkness. In vain we resort to the teachings of philosophy. The coldness of the stoic intensifies the gloom. Nor can the sympathy of loving friends assuage our grief. The shadow still continues, the heavy pall envelops our sinking spirits. Like the bereaved disciples, we "can go and tell Jesus." We can go to Him with the assurance that He will hear us, and grant us the relief which our agonized hearts require. For He is man as well as God. He is

human as well as divine. As a man he is linked to humanity "He was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary." He took upon himself our nature, and in it had all the experience of human life. He felt the pangs of bereavement, and wept. He thus touched humanity at every point, and still is "touched with a feeling of our infirmities," so that we can approach Him, and find in Him a sympathetic friend. Let us take this view of Him, and we shall find comfort in every trying hour. But if we look upon Him only as a God, high and exalted, dwelling amid the lofty grandeur of the heavens, or as a being of infinite greatness and glory, far beyond the bounds of mortal ken, then the very thought separates us by infinite distances, and our souls shrink within us at the impassable gulf which lies between. But when we contemplate him as "God manifest in the flesh"—our brother, as one who is ever present with us, stretching towards us hands of love, speaking sweet, gentle words of cheer, then it is that His voice will say to the stormy elements in our breast, as it did to the raging waves and howling tempest, "Peace! be still!" and there shall be a quiet calm.

Dearly beloved, the greatest relief for the human heart in its hours of deepest sorrow is to "go and tell Jesus." When all other sources fail and all other efforts are in vain, this will be found to be the balm for the wound, the certain source of true and lasting comfort. For as we tell Jesus, his life and words come to our minds, and we see how He did under similar circumstances. How in the darkest hour He exclaimed: "Not My will, but thine be done!" Submission to His Father's will marked every successive conflict, every mystic pang, every agony, all that He suffered, all that He endured. This is the lesson for us. Entire submission to the sovereign rule of God will bring to the soul that peace which flows from the harmony thus established between the human and the divine. For to be in perfect harmony with God is the sum and substance of human bliss. In Christ.

this harmony is restored. He knows all our griefs, He knows why this bereavement, He knows, though we cannot see it, that it is an expression of tender love. He knows that as the years roll by, and we "know even as we are known," that all this sadness will turn to joy, this darkness will vanish before the clearer golden light of hope. That out of the repulsive, cold, chilly tomb will come the form of the departed, more lovely and beauteous than ever. "For this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality, and death shall be swallowed up in victory." For Jesus has said, "I am the resurrection and the life." He looks down and watches all our dust till He shall bid it arise. And now, beloved friends of the deceased, take up your precious one, carry her forth to the city of the dead, deposit that lovely frame, lay it gently, lovingly to rest, let it wait the resurrection of the just, "then go and tell Jesus." He is ready to hear your sorrows. The very effort will bring relief. For as you speak to Him you shall feel the glow of sympathy, the gentle touch of love, the pulsation of His great and noble heart which beats for you and for all our race. Then shall this "dark night end in joyous day."

AT MOUNT LEBANON.

Immediately following the close of the services in the church, the funeral party was driven to Mount Lebanon Cemetery, where the remains were deposited in their earthly home. Dr. Chambers recited the last sad rites over the grave, and thus ended all that the church and loving friends could do in respect to her they loved so well, consistent with the requirements of a Christian burial.

SERVICES IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

SERVICES HELD IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL OF THE PINE STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA, THE SABBATH FOLLOWING THE DEATH OF MRS. EMMA FORNEY EBY.

The 90th psalm had been selected by the superintendent, Mr. Seiler, for the Scripture lesson of that day, as far as the 12th verse.

Mr. Seiler said that the writer of this psalm was "Moses, the Man of God," who had brought, by God's command, the host of Israel out of the house of bondage. He then read from the twenty-sixth chapter of Numbers, the 63d, 64th, and 65th verses, referring to the numbering of the children of Israel by Moses, and emphasized especially the closing part of the 65th verse—"And there was not left a man of them, save Caleb the son of Jephunneh, and Joshua the son of Nun." Out of that vast multitude only two were left. The rest had perished by the way. The 90th psalm was their funeral dirge. Well might the servant of God exclaim: "Thou carriest them away as with a flood: They are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth."

Since the days of Moses the frailty of human life has been in no wise mended. It is still like the grass of the field. So we hear with more or less pain of the death of a friend or of a neighbor, and we reckon it as a part of our daily reading. It makes us sad. But there are deaths so saddening by their suddenness that we are stunned and stand in reverent silence —speechless with awe. Such was the death of Mrs. Eby—without a moment's premonition. Now in the glow of life, the next minute with the seal of death impressed upon her. Awfully sudden was her departure; but, thank God, she went not unprepared. Sometime—years ago, in the quiet stillness of her chamber, perhaps—she had listened reverently to the

voice of the Spirit saying: "Daughter, give me thy heart." There and then she solemnly decided that but "one thing was needful." And now we can well believe that the Master may say of her, as He did of another when upon earth, "She has chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her." If she had had time to frame a message for us of this school, it might have been the language of this twelfth verse—"So teach us to number our days as to apply our hearts unto wisdom." And the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom. Since her tongue could utter no word her life must speak for her; but this is not the time for eulogy. Our hearts are too full of sorrow for our loss. How she labored, how she loved, how she taught—of this we may speak at some future time. Let us from her death learn the lesson of our mortality. Let us be wise as she was, and make our calling and election sure. Let us hear as she heard, the voice of the Master saying: "Come unto Me."

Mr. Seiler relates the following interesting as well as suggestive incident that was influenced by the Christian death of Mrs. Eby.

A few days after her burial, two of her Sabbath-school class came before the session as candidates for admission in the church. They were asked what first called their serious attention to the subject of religion. The reply of both, though separately examined, was, "the death of our teacher;" and further said that on the Sabbath immediately preceding her death, when the pastor had given notice at the close of the session that he would meet any who desired to commune upon the subject of personal religion, that their teacher earnestly urged upon all her scholars to respond to Mr. Chambers' invitation. So impressed were they that they could no longer forbear. They were received at the session upon a credible profession of their faith.

AN AFFECTIONATE TRIBUTE.

At a special meeting of the Harrisburg (Pa.) Wednesday's Ladies' Musical Club, January 29, 1886, the following record was directed to be placed upon its minutes:

It is with deep sorrow and regret that we learn of the sad death of our loved friend and president, Mrs. W. H. Eby. We shall feel her loss keenly, for her place in the club can never be refilled. Since its organization she has been a most active and efficient member, one who had the interest of the club close at heart and who was ever willing and ready to aid its work with her sweet voice and friendly counsel.

As our president for the winter 1885–'86 she had planned and partly carried out an interesting course of study, which, in loving memory of her, we shall endeavor to complete, after suspending the meetings during the month of February.

To her husband and family we extend our heartfelt sympathy, and mourn with them for one endeared to us all as a friend.

A copy of this minute was directed to be sent to her husband and parents.

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

The following extracts are taken from some few of the notices which appeared in the Harrisburg, Pa., papers, and in those in other localities where the deceased was known and beloved:

SUDDEN DEATH OF MRS. EBY.

A WELL-KNOWN LADY SUDDENLY EXPIRES WHILE SITTING WITH HER HUSBAND.

[*From Harrisburg (Pa.) Evening Telegraph, January 28, 1886.*]

Mrs. Emma Forney-Eby, wife of Wm. Howard Eby, Esq., the well-known coal dealer, died suddenly at their apartment on Second street, near the Bolton House, at 1 o'clock to-day, of paralysis of the brain. Mrs. Eby was at the Bolton House this morning for breakfast, and it was remarked that she was unusually lively and full of spirits. About half-past twelve o'clock this afternoon she was sitting at the front window looking out on Second street, reading a letter, her husband sitting near her. Suddenly she complained of a most severe pain in her head, which did not cease on the application of remedies, but continued to grow worse and worse. Mr. Eby hurriedly summoned physicians and Dr. Rahter was the first to arrive. Mrs. Eby at that time was breathing but faintly and was evidently in the death agonies. Drs. Orth and Coover soon afterward reached the house, but Mrs. Eby was dead at five minutes of one o'clock.

Mrs. Eby was Miss Emma Forney, of Washington, D. C., and a daughter of D. C. Forney, Esq., formerly publisher of the Washington *Chronicle*. She was married in that city about eight years ago, the event being a memorable one in society circles. In Harrisburg she was known as a most lovable woman and affectionate wife, with a host of friends, every one of whom loved and respected her. Deceased was a member of the Pine Street Presbyterian Church and taught a class in that Sunday-school. She was a lady of rare musical ability, and at the Thursday Club concert a week ago she was the principal solo singer. She was prominent in society circles, and a lady of very engaging manner.

The announcement of her death was a severe shock to her friends, many of whom doubted the news until a call at the residence confirmed the sad tidings. Grief was manifest on every countenance, and there has not been a death in Harrisburg for a long time that has occasioned so much regret and sorrow.

SUDDEN SAD DEATH.

The Harrisburg (Pa.) *Evening Independent* of January 28, 1886, after giving full particulars of Mrs. Eby's sudden death, and the shock it had on the community, said of the deceased:

Mrs. Eby was the wife of W. H. Eby, and the eldest daughter of D. C. Forney, of Washington City. She was born in Lebanon, her mother being a daughter of the late Joseph Reinhard, of that city. She was highly educated, accomplished and endowed with brilliant social qualities. No pains were spared by her parents in fitting her for life's duties, as well as pleasures, and she had a place in the society of the national capital which she adorned even at her girlhood with a grace and winsome charm which won her admirers among old and young. Though her married life was short, it was full of endearment and beauty, present pleasure and inspiring hope for the future, for which a magnificent home was fast approaching completion, over the portals of which the young wife will never pass. Mr. Eby has the sympathy of the entire community in his crushing bereavement.

[*From the Morning Call, Harrisburg, Pa., January 29, 1886.*]

The *Call*, in an article on the deceased, said:

She was a woman of rare attainments and in the circle in which she moved a great favorite. Vivacious of spirit, handsome of face and form, and engaging in manners, she was a person to be idolized not only in the home circle but out of it as well. She was the daughter of D. Carpenter Forney, of Washington, at whose house she was made the wife of Mr. Eby about eight years ago. During her life in this city she endeared herself in the hearts of her friends, all of whom feel that in her death they have lost one who was more to them than simply an acquaintance or friend. Besides being highly educated, cultured and refined, she was possessed of a voice

of rare beauty and ranked high as a vocalist; was an ardent lover of the art, and paid considerable attention to its developments. She was one of the shining lights of the Thursday Club and took a very active part in its soiree.

[*From the Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot, January 29, 1886.*]

The *Patriot* added its tribute by saying:

The visitation of death is unwelcome at all times, but when it comes as it did yesterday, without a signal of its dread approach, and removes a lady with the social attainments and humane impulses of Mrs. Emma, wife of William Howard Eby, then the sorrow which accompanies it is tenfold.

After repeating the particulars of her sudden death the article closes by saying:

Eight years ago the deceased lady, the beautiful daughter of Mr. D. C. Forney, of Washington, was united in marriage to Mr. Eby, and since her residence in this city has endeared herself to a large circle of people. As a member of Pine Street Presbyterian Church and a teacher of one of its Sunday-school classes, Mrs. Eby assisted the cause of Christianity, and her services were appreciated alike by the pastor and people. In her death an estimable and accomplished lady passes away, but the recollection of what she has done will be fresh in the memory of those who knew her when the mound above her shall have wasted away to the level of the common earth.

[*From the Lebanon (Pa.) Advertiser.*]

The *Advertiser* closes its comments as follows:

How sad the home where the affectionate wife and daughter gladdened the hearts of husband and parents. Gloom and despair have suddenly come into the brightest sunshine and happiness. The loved form lies buried in the narrow house. Death has closed the eyelids, and the sweet voice of sympathy and love has joined the heavenly choir. Oh, the sad hearts that mourn her departure. Oh, the anguish that burdens the souls of the bereaved in their lonely homes. No beauty now in sunshine; all days are alike gloomy and dark. And yet there is a solace for aching hearts, the hope of a

blessed reunion in the heavenly home where our sainted dead will wait our coming.

Farewell! earthly life is now o'er,
The time of probation is now run,
Thy spirit has gone to the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortal begun.

Farewell! no fetters can bind,
No sorrow or sickness molest,
For in heaven the ransomed soul shall find
A haven of blissful rest.

[*From the Buffalo (N. Y.) Express, February 4, 1886.*]

The deceased having resided for a short time in Buffalo, the *Express* in announcing her demise, said:

The sudden death of Mrs. William H. Eby, which occurred at her home in Harrisburg, Pa., January 28th, will bring sorrow to many hearts here. Although Buffalo was her residence but for a few months, her sprightliness and amiability had won her many friends, and her return to Harrisburg was greatly regretted.

[*From the Washington (D. C.) Sunday Capital.*]

The *Capital* in noting the sudden death of Mrs. Eby added:

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Forney have the sincere sympathy of a large circle of friends in their sorrow over the death of their daughter Emma. Mrs. Eby was born at Lebanon, Pa., and save when she was at boarding-school, lived here until her marriage. Her sweet nature, her lovely character, and her sprightly intelligence, together with her many accomplishments, made her very popular in society. She was always eagerly welcomed upon her visits to Washington from her home in Harrisburg. Her sudden death following so closely upon her return from one of those pleasant visits to Washington shocked and saddened the many friends who had met her so agreeably while she was with her parents at the Portland.

A TRIBUTE OF A FRIEND TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

The following beautiful tribute to the memory of the deceased was written by a friend who had great admiration for her musical ability, and published in the Harrisburg (Pa.) *Morning Call*, February 4th, 1886:

"Good-bye, summer! Good-bye, good-bye!"

The pathetic melody of Tosti's Aria, which fell on the ears of many at the late "Thursday Concert," brings the memory of the past summer to the friends of Mrs. Wm. H. Eby. We recall her winning smile, her sweet graciousness of manner, her bright, merry salutation; all are fresh as the perfume of summer roses. She gaily tossed a friend in passing her widow—

"Good-bye, summer! Good-bye, good-bye!
Shadows rising on you and me!"

Hidden away on that memorable evening, when replete with life and health, she warbled her "song." Concealed in silken drapery, peeping out from gay buds and smooth-leaved smilax, was the "shadow" of *death*.

She stood among the many yet alone; for the Master marked her for his own, and said, "I will call thee my child;" laid His hand upon her brow, and she arose and followed Him.

Without wasting sickness, without visible pain, in all her sweet, womanly beauty she went to the eternal summer-land, where there is neither winter nor night.

"What are we waiting for!"

Only for His call. Happy, then, for us, as it was for her, that we need follow Saoli Tosti's song no farther, nor sigh—

"Good-bye to hope! Good-bye, good-bye."

Her friends have the comforting assurance of a sweet "hope" beyond the darkness of the grave, of a long and blissful "summer time" in the land of the blessed. There immortal flowers bloom,

and the happy spirits of the loved wait and watch for the coming of those who linger yet a little while upon the earth.

"Sleep soft, beloved! we sometimes say,
But have no power to charm away
Sad dreams.
But never doleful dreams again
Shall break their happy slumbers, when
He giveth his beloved sleep."

MRS. E. T. DETWEILER.

HALIFAX, PA., *February 3d*, 1886.

LETTERS OF SYMPATHY AND CONDOLENCE.

Of the hundreds of letters of sympathy and condolence received from kindred and loving friends from all parts of the country, but a fractional number appear in these pages, for the want of sufficient space as one reason, and because of a desire to preserve as far as possible a certain privacy to the Memorial. To do this, those that are used are confined to the immediate family of the deceased and her most intimate and dear friends.

LEBANON, PA, *January* 29, 1886.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

My heart bleeds for you in your great affliction. The news of the death of your dear daughter came upon us with crushing sadness. I look around in vain to find some resource of consolation for you in the form of human expression—there is none! there is none! outside of our only refuge, Jesus Christ. Look to Him, lean upon Him, my dear brother, in this hour of your deep sadness, and He will sustain you. Your loss, our loss and the loss of a circle of friends and companions is the gain of your dear child, who has gone to join the company of the redeemed in Heaven. What a welcome is hers from her angel friends on the beautiful shore. Think of the greeting our sainted sister will give her, as well as of that of a host of the departed. All things, we are told, work together for our good. Let us endeavor to realize the truth of this sacred declaration and look up with abiding hope—hope, the sheet-anchor of our being in time and in eternity. God bless you and your wife and only remaining child, and pray that He will vouchsafe you all the consolation that He alone can impart My wife, daughter and son join me in blending our sympathy and tears with yours over the loss of your dear daughter Emma.

Your brother truly, CHAS. B. FORNEY.

PHILADELPHIA, *January* 29, 1886.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER:

Lessie and I have just been advised by the morning *Press* of the death of your darling daughter Emma, which has filled our hearts with great sorrow. My dear brother and sister, you can rest assured you have our heartfelt sympathy and condolence in your terrible bereavement. Just as soon as we can we will be with you to comfort and stand by you in your great affliction. Till then, dear brother and sister, accept our love and affection.

Truly your brother and sister,

GEORGE AND LESSIE.

NO. 618 SOUTH WASHINGTON SQUARE,
PHILADELPHIA, *March* 26, 1886.

MY DEAR CARPENTER AND KATE:

I cannot write you cold words of sympathy; I am sure you know how deeply we all feel for you in your great trouble. Emma was so full of life and health, so beautiful and so young, that many more years of happiness seemed promised for her. Terrible as is the shock of sudden death to the living, it is merciful to those who die. Emma was spared the agonies of a sick-bed and has passed away in all the perfection of her womanly beauty. You can remember her dead just as she lived. The picture your mind holds of her is unmarred by the ravages of sickness, and you can think that she fell into her sleep without a twinge of suffering.

Believe me in all sympathy and love,

MRS. J. W. FORNEY.

NO. 1514 PINE STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY MORNING, *Jan.* 29, 1886.

MY DEAR UNCLE AND AUNT:

I want to write and I don't know what to say; I am very, very sad. It is so sudden a blow I cannot realize—I don't want to—that the sweet, beautiful girl is gone. I shall keep her in my

mind as I saw her last here with me, and it is a forlorn consolation that my dear husband learned to love her as I did. We were little girls when we first met. We loved each other then, and the love, deepening as we grew up, never left us until the end. It was good for me, I know. Now I have of her a sweet, a dear remembrance. Surely she lived well. I like to think of the days we spent together. I like to think of her exquisite face, of her beautiful voice with its undertone of melancholy, of her deep appreciation for all things beautiful and good, of her charming manners, of her tenderness—the food for thought is plentiful. Best of all I love to recall that childlike simplicity, that eager desire to learn, to grow, that never left her. She was always on the way to the kingdom. Young, beautiful, charming and—humble as one of the little children spoken of in the old, old story; it is a pleasure to have her now, even in thought, to know that she lived and helped "to make the earth sweet."

ANNA FORNEY BRUSH.

LEBANON, PA., *February* 4, 1886.

MY DEAR SISTER KATE:

Now that dear Emma's body has been tenderly laid away in her last earthly home, and you and Carp. have returned to Washington, I can better enter into your feelings over your great loss, by the agony of my heart when the news of her death first reached me. I was quietly sitting in my room when a telegram was handed me saying that "Emma was ill, come at once." In a half hour later another telegram telling us "Emma is dead!" Was it a horrible dream? Was I awake? Could it be possible that my beloved niece, upon whom I had centered so much affection, who was so loving and good during her life, to me and mine, was dead? When I think of the agony we all went through from the time of her death until her burial, and what you and her father suffered, I can scarcely understand how we stood it. God, however, supplies strength for all sorrows, and He will for yours and ours. Great as our loss is the gift of such a child should be very dear to you. Her memory will afford you and us much comfort as we grow older and learn to understand the meaning of her early death. God bless and sustain you both.

AUNTY ROSA.

OFFICE OF THE DAILY NEWS,
LEBANON, PA., *January* 28, 1886.

MY DEAR UNCLE AND AUNT:

Just as my family and self were seated at supper the painful intelligence reached us of the sudden and unexpected death of Cousin Emma, whom we all so fondly and devotedly loved for her many qualities, both of heart and mind. Like a crash of thunder from a cloudless sky did the intelligence strike upon my ear, and my own grief over her untimely death tells my heart how crushing must be the affliction to you and Aunt Kate in this, your dark hour of tribulation. God, in this instance, has plucked another bright flower from earth for a home beyond the rolling Jordan, where all trials and sorrows are ended and the weary spirit is at rest forever more. "Life's fitful fever is o'er and she sleeps well," and if we could, probably we would hesitate to call her back from the heavenly chorus she has gone to join in the New Jerusalem. "None knew her but to love her; nor named her but to praise;" but what were all these in comparison to that undying, never ending and unquenchable parents' love which animates the heart of us all. Wealth has its pleasures, society its fascinations, poverty its sorrows and pangs, but all these pale into insignificance by the side of that heaven-born love for our children which the Almighty has implanted in our bosoms, and which only increases as we go tottering towards the grave. But in our disconsolation the dark cloud of grief and sorrow has nevertheless a silvery lining, and we can felicitate ourselves in the happy reflection that the parting with the dead is at most but temporary, and that angel eyes are watching for our coming to receive us when "life's dark day is done." I can weep with both of you and mourn for her who was the very apple of your eye; but all this avails nothing. Let us rather take comfort in that beautiful scriptural injunction which says, "Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavily laden and I will give you rest." If the tenderest or much-loving sympathy could soothe your sorrow, believe me you have it sincerely from me, who so fully knows the poignant grief you both now experience over the death of a loving, accomplished, and dutiful daughter. That God may sustain and strengthen you both in your affliction is my fervent prayer.

Yours, in deep sympathy and affection,

JOS. REINHARD.

427 Delavan Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y., *February* 2, 1886.

Dear Mr. Eby:

The newspaper from Harrisburg, received yesterday, brought me a great grief and shock. I cannot now realize that the bright, young face I remember with so much pleasure will never smile on me again. I have before me a pretty calendar which she sent me from Washington at Christmas and which I have failed to acknowledge, only because of the daily and absorbing cares and duties which come from moving. It is a sad lesson to me never to postpone acknowledging a kindness or remembrance. I can well understand how terrible the shock must have been to you, and how long it will take you to realize that your sweet wife has passed from your presence forever. Do accept the deep sympathy which I feel for you as a little comfort in this your trying affliction. I have a sweet photograph of your dear wife, which I have just arranged with others in my room. It will often recall the pleasant intercourse we had here, and the loveliness of her character, which I learned to appreciate in our short but delightful friendship.

With deepest sympathy and sincere regard, I am your friend,

Mrs. Mary E. Mixer.

Buffalo, N. Y., *February* 18, 1886.

Dear Mr. Eby:

I was greatly shocked, a few days ago, to learn of your dear wife's death. It came to me in such a way I thought there must be some mistake, but alas! I learned the sad tidings were correct, and that indeed our dear friend had passed away forever. Even then I could not grasp the fact that one so young and apparently in such improved health could have passed away so suddenly, but it proves only another instance of our dependence upon a higher power for every breath we draw. After all, is it not the most desirable and beautiful way to leave this world—one moment here and the next with our Lord? This dear woman, having wisely arranged for either a long or short pilgrimage, was prepared to meet the summons to come up higher, and is now in the enjoyment of her loving Savior. This unexpected affliction is nevertheless a crushing blow to you and a sad ending of the happy days anticipated with this sweet wife in the delightful home you had just provided for her,

and which she has told me would quite complete her happiness in this world. But the dear Lord was meanwhile preparing for her "a mansion above, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." That I sympathize with you, my friend, in your great loss, you must know, for I had learned to love her well for her many fine qualities and sweet ways.

Most sincerely, MRS. A. M. STONE,

HARRISBURG, PA., *February* 12, 1886.

MR. W. H. EBY.

DEAR WILL: Ever since those dark days last week I have longed to send some word to you, and yet every day shows me that there is no word that I can say to help you. But knowing how Emma and I have truly loved each other from the very first, you will not feel even a poor word from me out of place, for her sake. That you have my constant and tenderest sympathy all the time you need no assurance. That I would like to do anything in the world to help you, too, you know. Oh, Will, for her dear sake, do try to be brave through these terrible lonely days. The dear Lord who loved her and whom she loved will help you, and only He can. Stand firm in that one thing, and surely help will come. Won't you come up and see us, and if we can, let us be of some little comfort to you.

Always your sincere friend,

SUE MARIE WIERMAN.

HARRISBURG, *February* 4, 1886.

MR. W. H. EBY.

WILL: I have been wanting to write and let you know how sincerely I sympathize with you ever since your great sorrow came upon you. I thought I would wait until the sad time of laying Emma to rest was over and then write. I know from experience how little comfort words are at such a time. It was a great shock to us coming so soon after papa's death, and I couldn't believe it at first. I had just said I wanted to see Emma soon and thank her for her beautiful tribute to papa, and shortly after heard of her death. She was beloved by all and will be sorely missed. I can-

not believe I will never hear her voice again. You know, Will, you have our most heartfelt sympathy in this great trouble.

Sincerely your friend,

MOLLIE V. BINGHAM.

U. S. MARINE BARRACKS, COMMANDING OFFICER'S OFFICE,
NORFOLK, VA., *January* 29, 1886.

MY DEAR COUSIN:

I have just learned of the great and sudden blow that has stricken us all down, in the loss of dear Emma. You know how much I loved her, and it was only such a short time that she wrote me such a kind, sweet letter. Tillie and myself and all at Philadelphia are deeply grieved. I wish, my dear fellow, I could help you; you know there is nothing I would not do to alleviate the sorrow that has fallen on Cousin Kate and yourself. I can say no more.

Yours sincerely, JAMES FORNEY.

2226 TRINITY PLACE,
PHILADELPHIA, *January* 29, 1886.

MY DEAR COUSIN KATE:

We are heart-sore indeed to learn of sweet Emma's death. She was so bright and lovely when I saw her last, it seems impossible to think of her cold in death. Alas! why should one so full of life—such a pleasure to all who knew her—be the one chosen to go. Her sympathetic voice sounds in my ears yet. If there are angels in Heaven she is one of them to-day. We can only send you love and sympathy, and do that with a sorrowful heart.

MARY FORNEY WEIGLEY.

GILSEY HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY,
Sunday Evening, February 7, 1886.

WM. H. EBY, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR: I was greatly surprised and shocked on receiving a copy of the *Daily Patriot*, a few days since, to learn of the death of your dear wife. Taken from you in so sudden and unexpected a manner, you must be overwhelmed with grief and sorrow.

I know how fond and devoted she was to you ; always faithful, true and tender, and by this means I know what an irreparable loss you have met with, and what a scene of bereavement you are passing through. Please accept my most cordial and sincere sympathy, and allow me to tell you how sorry I feel for you.

To-day I have just received the little memorial offering which you were so thoughtful as to send me. I shall preserve it with care. Much as I value it, I did not require *anything* to hold her beauty of person and of character in my mind. I esteem your wife one of the sweetest women I have ever met. You were peculiarly blessed that you were allowed to keep her by your side so long, although, looking back, the years must seem short. I hope God will support you, as well as her father and mother, through this terrible affliction.

Very sincerely and cordially your friend,

LURA B. GREENE.

MY TRIBUTE TO COUSIN EMMA.

Like a flower she bloomed on life's pathway,
Diffusing a fragrance of love;
God thought the way was too thorny;
He reclaimed her to realms above.

We weep in our pitiful madness o'er
A sweet life we say is cut short.
We mistake, it is she who is living
The true life her virtues have bought.

She is tenderly watching her dear ones,
From the height of the realms she has gained;
She is anxiously guiding their footsteps
From sun-rise till day has waned.

Her life was a boon and a blessing;
Her death shines the beacon-light
That will guide us safe into the harbor,
Should we steer our bark aright.

HOME.
PHILADELPHIA, PA. TILLIE MAY FORNEY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *January* 29, 1886.

DEAR UNCLE CARPENTER:

What can I say to comfort you, Aunt Kate, and Mr. Eby, in

this sad hour? My heart goes out to you. May God have mercy, and help you bear this terrible blow. I only learned the sad news this morning through the papers, and it has completely unnerved me. Words seem so useless, and I feel there is nothing I can say to you that will be of any comfort, but I want you to know that I sympathize *deeply* with you all in this dark hour, and pray that you may have strength given you to bear this great sorrow.

With much love and sympathy, yours in sorrow,

JULIA A. FORNEY.

1008 I STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C., *January* 28, 1886.

MY DEAR FORNEY:

We are all grief-stricken at the terrible affliction which has fallen upon your household and upon the households of *her* friends. I can say no words of condolence, except that we grieve for *you*, and we grieve for *ourselves*, for we all loved *her*.

Love to Mrs. Forney and kind regards to you and Mr. Eby.

Your friend,

D. W. MAHON.

To these kind words are added the subjoined comforting assurances of Mrs. Mahon, who in further proof of her great sympathy, joined the heart-stricken parents of the deceased in Harrisburg, Pa., and remained with them during all the first hours of their sorrow, ministering to their relief.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS:

I am not equal to writing you, but I cannot keep silent! My eyes are brimful; my heart aches, hard and sore, as I am traveling with you to-night in spirit and in fervent prayer. Our household, even to our children (Davy and Katy), and our servants are paralyzed from the appalling shock we received about half-past six p. m. I immediately telephoned to know "if you were at The Portland," that I might go to you, but the answer was: "You would leave at seven o'clock," so it was too late. And now, my very dear friends, I intrude myself upon you only from the deepest, sincerest love of my heart, to assure you if there can be any comfort to your more than agonized hearts, at this

sudden bereavement, in human words, in human love, and heartfelt sympathy, you both well know you have that in its fullest measure, from all of us here. But knowing, my very dear friends, that words, love, and sympathy are nought in this terrible suffering—this ordeal you are passing through—just let me whisper, only One can help you. He loves you both. He hath chastened you severely. "He chasteneth those whom He loves." He has taken your precious child, who lavished her sweetness all around her, to bloom in Paradise—her home! We know not why, but "we shall know hereafter." She was lovely here; she is lovelier in glory to-night! In a lovelier home than earth could ever furnish, and with her angelic voice chanting the sweet anthems of the heavenly choir. Oh! dear friends, try and bear this heavy blow. I pray God to comfort, help you, and strengthen you, and so I shall continue to pray for you. Please let me know, if you can, when she is to be buried. And oh! how that word grates upon me! for loving her so dearly, and Annie and she so loving and devoted to each other, I feel as if a part of myself was gone. God bless and keep you, dear, dear friends.

In the fulness of my aching heart, I am lovingly yours,

JANE O. MAHON.

LEBANON, PA., *January* 29, 1886.

DEAR MR. FORNEY:

Our hearts go out to you in this sad hour of your life, and we feel as if it were one of our own who has passed so suddenly away. If human words or sympathy could reach and heal your sorrows, Aunt Kate and yourself could rest assured that the friends here would heal them, but you must put your trust in an all-wise Providence, who doeth all things well; and I hope and trust that you may find in Him that relief from your grief and sorrow which you both so much need. Please convey to Mr. Eby our heartfelt sorrow and sympathy for him in his sad bereavement, whose loss we know can never be replaced. We can do nothing more than to commend you to your Maker, in the hope that you may be able to see that it is all for the best. Emma was very dear to Mary and myself, and while we know that she is far better off in that land above, we feel her loss so keenly that we cannot express it in words.

May God sustain you all. JOHN H. HOFFER.

1727 F Street, Washington, *Jan.* 28, 1886.

Dear Mr. Forney:

Mrs. Bailey came for me, and she and I hastened to The Portland—just as you and Mrs. Forney left the hotel. What shall I say to you? Dear, dear Emma! Surely no words of mine are needed to add one tribute to her worth. Sweet child, ever so kind, so devoted a daughter. I wish I could be with you and Mrs. Forney to-night. I might say a world "in season" that I may fail to write. You know how fond I ever have been of dear Emma. As I write, tears blind me; my heart aches that she we all loved and prized has gone! Well, she will receive the victor's crown—"to him who overcometh." She is in her Father's house—a blessed rest—far from all sorrow, and "God shall wipe away all tears from her eyes." Oh! what a noble spirit was hers, and how it illumined her character, making it the admiration of all who knew her! Do pardon all of this; but my heart is so full. May God bless you both, granting you His peace. Is there anything I can do for you? Anything in my power I will do for you and dear Mrs. Forney. Tell her I love her. I sympathize with her as only one can who loved Emma as I did. I was so disturbed in my mind about Mrs. Forney this morning that about noon I called at her door, but she was taking her painting lesson and I did not disturb her. Again I pray that God may comfort both your hearts, granting you His peace.

Your friend, Isabelle F. Macfarland.

Write me if in any way I can be of use to you.—I. F. M.

The writer of this letter also followed the parents to the home of the deceased, and remained with them until their return to Washington. Her great sympathy went far towards sustaining them in their overwhelming grief.

Buffalo, N. Y., *Jan.* 30.

My Dear Mrs. Forney:

I cannot express to you my deep sympathy. I had heard nothing of her illness. The shock of the telegram was my first intimation. To think that she was about the last person I saw in Washington! And now gone from both homes! So soon!

What could we do if at such a time we were not permitted to believe in a better home above? I cannot find it in my heart to mourn for her, for surely she was a loving child of the God of love. But for you my heart bleeds—for you in your grief and desolation. May God comfort you in your tears, and help you, in this dark hour, to thank Him that He ever gave you such a child. Yes! help you to thank Him for the sweet faith which your heart may hold in all its suffering — that she is yours still. O! that her beautiful life might do us all good, and become within us a power to fit us for the beautiful home above! I write hurriedly; but even if I should write much more, it would be only to say that I weep with you and pray for you.

Cordially yours, S. S. Mitchell.

Brookville P. O., Md., 2, 8, '86.

My Dear Friend:

Thy favor of the 5th, conveying the sad intelligence of the death of your darling daughter Emma, is just received. O how sad, that one so young, so lovely, so dearly beloved by her devoted parents, her tender husband, and affectionate friends, should be thus so quickly and so unexpectedly translated from time to eternity! Truly do I sympathize with you in your deep sorrow, knowing, from sad experience, what it is to taste of the bitter waters, and to view with an aching heart the lifeless remains of the precious child that was once so near and so dear to us. It is with deep regret that I feel my inability to assuage your heartfelt grief upon this sad occasion, yet it is always a comfort to know and to feel that we have the prayers and tender sympathies of our friends when overtaken by these sorrowing bereavements. As your precious child spent considerable time in my school, I have thought it would be a comfort to you should I add a few lines touching her character as exhibited at that early age. She was possessed of a sweet and tender disposition, always ladylike and gentle in her deportment, affable in her manners, and always conscientiously careful in the discharge of every duty that was expected of her. She had the love, confidence, and respect of both teachers and fellow-pupils. She possessed a clear, thinking mind, and refined taste; and during the entire time she was a member of my

school, a period of nearly three years, she ranked among my most satisfactory pupils in every particular.

I remain thy affectionate friend,

JAS. S. HALLOWELL.

PHILADELPHIA, *February* 2, 1886.

MY DEAR FRIENDS :

I cannot express to you the shock I felt at the announcement of the calamity which has befallen you, and the profound sympathy I have for you and yours in this sad bereavement. Knowing, as I so well remember, how you were absorbed in the welfare of your idolized daughter, how tender, loving, and affectionate was her disposition as a child, and how as she grew to womanhood she developed extraordinary talents and qualities that added renewed lustre to her character, I can form some faint idea of the grief which has overwhelmed you. It is utterly futile to attempt to seek for earthly comfort and consolation in this dark hour. Truly God moves in a mysterious way ; and while it is most difficult to bow the head in meekness and submission, and say, with faltering lips, " Thy will be done," the severing of such sacred ties has more than once been the potent means of bringing us to a proper sense of our helpless condition, and of preparing us to enter upon the joys reserved for the faithful in the mansions of the blessed. It is a soothing comfort to know that she so early embraced religion, and up to the end delighted in her sacred duties; and may we not reasonably hope that she has already joined the angelic choir surrounding the great white throne, in singing hosannas to the Highest, and that when the inevitable summons comes for us she will be waiting with outstretched arms to welcome us to the bright and shiny shore, and to the glorious home where sickness and sorrow, and sufferings and partings, shall be known no more forever. That we may so live as to be fitted for those joys, and that He who dealt the blow will also in His own good time send the healing balm to you and yours, is the earnest wish, my dear friends, of

Very sincerely yours, G. B. P. RINGWALT.

MR. AND MRS. D. C. FORNEY,

THE PORTLAND,

Washington, D. C.

WEST PHILA., *Feb.* 4, '86.

MY DEAR COUSINS CARP. AND KATE:

The terrible news of your sudden bereavement comes to me with such a shock that I cannot find words to express my sympathy. I always felt closely related to Emma—we were so near of an age, and when we played together as children I learned to know and love her sweet nature. I shall only add that I am grieving with you from my heart, and know you will understand much more that I cannot write. Believe me, in deepest sympathy and love,

Sincerely your cousin, ANNE FORNEY FITLER.

STATION B, 205 So. 33D ST.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., *Feb.* 8, 1886.

MY DEAR MR. AND MRS. FORNEY:

I am completely unable to express my sympathy for you both in this great affliction. It has made a chasm in our hearts that can never be filled. But, dear friends, try to remember that your loss is her eternal gain; and feel, if there is a reward above for the just, good, and righteous, surely she is at last anchored in a happy harbor, and received the award of a pure, consistent, and beautiful life throughout. She leaves behind her the remembrance of a lovely character which may be an example to any woman. I feel sad at reflecting on her sudden departure from this life; but, knowing in what perfect faith she met the great change, I know she is at rest. She sleeps in Jesus—blessed sleep! No more pain, no more sorrow. Beyond the river, where pleasures and blessings are forever hers. Gone to Him who hath prepared a mansion for us. Will you, dear friends, accept the profoundest sympathy from one who, like yourselves, has loved and lost.

Yours, with fullest sympathy, SUSIE ANTHONY.

67 COURTLAND ST.

LEBANON, PA., *January* 30, 1886.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

May God help you in this dark hour; in this midnight darkness that has fallen on you all. Nothing, I know, can comfort you now; not the affection of loving friends, or anything that any one can do will heal the fearful wound; or ease the terrible heart-ache; and yet

my heart's desire was to inform you of my sympathy for you and your husband, who have sustained an irreparable loss. Only time will "blunt the edge of the sword," and nothing else; and there is only one comfort for you all, the assurance that her Christian character assures you, of a blissful immortality for the dear loved child who will be mourned in your household throughout all time; and may this be your solace in all the sad hours that are yet to come. Dear Kate, accept of my sincere sympathy for you all, and God help you to bear this terrible grief.

At the mercy-seat, I have not forgotten you, and remain forever your sincere friend,

KATE A. REINOEHL.

ROME, GEORGIA, *February* 7, 1886.

MY DEAR MR. AND MRS. FORNEY:

I have seldom been more pained by sad intelligence than at the death of Emma; so sudden, so unexpected! I know how proud you were of her, and how much you loved her. Human sympathy at such times can do very little to lighten the burden of our grief, our comfort must come from "The one only Comforter." Yet it is natural to assure the sad and sorrowing of our sympathy, and I *do* most heartily sympathize with you in this the, perhaps, darkest hour of your lives. May God, "who doth not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men," comfort and sustain you with the hope of a reunion in that blessed land, where sorrow and partings are forever unknown. My mind goes back retrospectively to the weeks spent in Philadelphia, where I first knew her, and learned to love and admire her. I see her in my mind, so pretty and dainty, full of love for her parents and affianced husband. Poor Mr. Eby, what a blow to him, he was so devoted and so proud of her. I received the paper sent me, I suppose, by you; we were all shocked. Mother and father unite with me in sympathy to you both. Give my kindest regards and sympathy to Mr. Eby, and with the hope that God will help you bear your great trial, I am, as of old,

Your sincere friend, MARY W. NOBLE.

HOTEL ST. STEPHENS, NEW YORK, *January* 29, 1886.

MY DEAR MRS. FORNEY:

How my heart aches for you and Mr. Forney. I do not write

thinking to give you one word of comfort, for nothing human can comfort in such an hour, but only to tell you how deeply Mr. Quaiffe and I sympathize with you, and how earnestly we pray that God may give you grace to bear it. I have never known greater devotion than existed between you and Emma. Her sweet, bright face comes up before me as I saw her just before I left Washington. You and her father have the sweet comfort of knowing you did everything in your power to make her young life happy. She has gone only a little before you, and will make Heaven so much more real and near to you than ever before. Oh! how vain are words! I will not mock your sorrow by trying to comfort. Mr. Quaiffe joins me in love and sympathy.

Your sincere friend, LUCY C. QUAIFFE.

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39 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, *January* 30, 1886.

DEAR FRIENDS:

Words utterly fail me to express how deeply grieved I am at the sad news sent to me by our girls. I loved Emma dearly, and although we seldom saw each other, the image of her lovely face, and the thought of her was constantly in my mind, and this has gone on for years, and it will surely continue to go on until it pleases God that we meet each other in eternity. Your loss is indeed the loss of us all, and our tears mingle with yours as we humbly exclaim, "Thy will be done." May our good God in His mercy grant you strength to bear your loss, and with the greatest sympathy and love believe me to be,

Your old friend, A. S. SOLOMONS.

MR. AND MRS. FORNEY.

BOLTON HOUSE, HARRISBURG, PA., *Feb.* 16, '86.

MR. FORNEY:

DEAR SIR: You ask for some impressions that your daughter Mrs. Eby has left in my memory. It seems but a little time since the dear girl came here a bride and attracted us to her by her agreeable personal appearance and frank, engaging manners. She was a stranger then. But, thrown together, as we afterwards were, in daily intercourse, I found she possessed good sense, a warm, affectionate heart, and a cultivated mind. Members of the same church and Sunday-school, we for a time studied the Sabbath lesson together.

She interested me much in the way she would gather truths and apply the lesson to her class of girls that she was interested in. I recall a morning of earnest talk we had nearly two years ago. The subject was the doctrines of our church. She told me she had professed her love for Christ (when quite young) in the Presbyterian church, not that she knew and approved of the teachings of that church above any other, but she admired and loved Dr. Mitchell and the friends she had in that church. "Now I want to know what my church believes," and the talk ended in her carrying to her room a Confession of Faith for further study. Only a few weeks before her summons to her Father's house she was elected a manager of the "Home for the Friendless" for the Pine Street Church. She shrank from the duties that the office involved; but when it was presented to her as a Christian duty she immediately wrote her acceptance of the office. I might tell you of many charming traits that those who knew her best admired and loved; but others will do that. Trusting that the friendship commenced here will be continued in the heavenly home, with kind regards to yourself and Mrs. Forney,

I am truly yours, MISS S. E. CLARK.

HARRISBURG, PA.

DEAR MRS. FORNEY:

I hesitate to intrude on you in this hour of sorrow and affliction, but cannot refrain from expressing my sympathy in the loss of your beloved child. Having known the sorrow of a mother's heart, and, therefore, how powerless words are to console, I tender my heartfelt condolence.

Very sincerely yours, JANE M. KEENAN.

SATURDAY, *Jan'y* 30, '86.

OFFICE COLLECTOR OF THE PORT,
NEW ORLEANS, *Feb'y* 2, 1886.

MY DEAR MR. AND MRS. FORNEY:

Mrs. Jonas and myself were inexpressibly shocked and grieved last night on the receipt of Mrs. Browne's letter, with the news of your sad bereavement. We can scarcely realize it, so lately had we heard from dear Mrs. Eby and received from her her charming picture. I will make no attempt at consolation, for I know that time alone can soothe your sorrow; but I write only to assure you

of our sincere and heartfelt sympathy. Mrs. Jonas wishes she could be with Mrs. Forney in her affliction, and sends her love to both. With my kindest regards,

Sincerely yours, B. F. Jonas.

Mrs. Jonas adds the following tribute of love and sympathy:

My Dear Friends:

I sympathize deeply with you in your loving duty of preparing a fitting memorial for dear Emma, and I only wish it was in my power to offer a more suitable and graceful testimonial to one I esteemed and loved. I shall always remember her purity and sweetness of character, her amiable disposition, her devotion to you both and to her duties in life—always ready to lend her aid and lovely voice for the benefit of charity and the entertainment of all her friends, for whom she appeared to have sincere attachment. Her gentleness and patience when suffering from sickness, and the many womanly and lovely qualities which caused all to love her who knew her. I shall never forget her lovely voice and the songs which gave me so much enjoyment, and which are now hushed forever. May time prove the consoler, that no mortal, however sympathizing, can hope to be, and bring to you both peace and consolation is the prayer of

Your sincere friend, Josephine Jonas.

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614 Race Street,
Philadelphia, *February* 4, 1886.

My Dear Mr. and Mrs. Forney.

To tell you that you have my heartfelt sympathy in the loss of your dear, loving daughter expresses my feelings very faintly It is only those who have passed through the same ordeal can enter into your sorrowing hearts. You have much to comfort you—your dear child was a beautiful Christian character. What a noble example she set to her young friends! which, I have no doubt, will be imitated by many. Her death was a perfect translation, without any pain or suffering. She was taken to her blessed Saviour's bosom, where she is safely landed, and is wearing a crown filled with bright and shining stars for the many deeds of love and benevolence.

Try and think not of your irreparable loss, but of your dear child's eternal gain. Oh! how hard it is to kiss the rod that has smitten! That God will shower his best blessings upon you, and sustain you in this deep, deep hour of affliction, is the prayer of

Your ever sincere friend, MRS. E. W. HUTTER.

EAST PROVIDENCE, R. I., *February* 9, 1886.

MY DEAR MR. AND MRS. FORNEY:

Words are but feeble agents at such times as these to express the depth of our sympathy for you in your deep, deep affliction, but we feel keenly for you in your bitter grief and pray God will give you grace to accept it. If we could only realize how short the time of separation will be from our dear ones gone before, perhaps the burden would not appear so great, but our faith becomes shattered when these blows come upon us so heavily. Still I feel that we can always find comfort after the first anguish has left us, when we remember that our loved one was so well prepared for the beautiful life beyond as your dear, sweet Emma. I recall at this moment of my mother's saying once that Emma seemed to her like something fitted for another life, she was so mild and gentle, and appeared to be living in another atmosphere. I feel and know how far I fall from the mark in my endeavor to convey comfort to your poor broken hearts, but I must urge you to not lose sight of the fact that there is no death. Emma has only passed into the next room just a trifle before us, and I often find myself wondering if she has seen my mother. This is the point where I falter, my dear friends, although at the same time I know my mother still lives, but what she is doing; who she is with; if she can see me beside her grave and in the home, are the questions that I want answered. I received the lovely flowers Mrs. F. so kindly sent, and I shall cherish them as a sweet token of our friendship.

With much love from your devoted friend,

SALLIE B. W. WIGHTMAN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *February* 10, 1886.

MY DEAR MRS. FORNEY:

I cannot tell how surprised and shocked I was when I learned of the sudden death of your daughter Mrs. Eby. It was such a short time after my very pleasant call on you, when you had cheerfully

alluded to her being so happy in the anticipation of soon occupying her new house, that it was difficult to realize the truth of the sad statement. I have thought of you very frequently, and would like much to see you, but could not think of intruding at this time when your grief is so great and your heart so saddened by the affliction you have experienced. I have, however, felt a strong desire to express my deep sympathy for you, and therefore resort to writing a few lines. I know full well that none but those who have passed through similar trials can fully understand your feelings, but we know it is a most severe bereavement and you must find it hard to say "Thy will be done," however much you may desire to feel submissive. I did not know until recently that you had returned home, or I should have sought an earlier opportunity for sending words of condolence. Your daughter was greatly loved by all who knew her well. Her gentle, amiable disposition won her many friends, but no one could so well appreciate the good qualities she possessed as her devoted parents and fond husband, and upon them the blow falls heavily. That you may receive true comfort and support during these dark days of trial, is the wish of your very sincere friend,

207 *I Street.* MRS. M. K. EMERY.

THE PORTLAND, WASHINGTON, D. C., *February* 2, 1886.

MY DEAR MRS. FORNEY:

Each day since you left I have wanted to write you a word of sympathy, but your great sorrow seemed so sacred that I felt a reluctance to intrude, yet now I feel compelled to tell you how our hearts have ached for you and Mr. Forney; how earnestly we have prayed that supernatural strength might be granted you to bear up under this crushing affliction! Mrs. Craig wrote me the contents of her mother's letter, which I have read to your many friends in The Portland, who have expressed so much anxiety to hear from you. If the sincere sympathy of many friends could assuage your grief, some comfort would reach your bleeding hearts, but alas! there is no mortal power that can heal the wound—only in Gilead can that balm be found. My mother sends you her sympathizing love, and says she has been with you in prayer every hour of these days of your sorrow. I am thankful to hear that your other children are with you. To them and to Mr. Eby (although strangers to us)

we extend our sympathy. Mr. Ellis and the boys join me in love to yourself and Mr. Forney. Pardon this intrusion, for words seem so cold and meaningless, yet believe me always your sincere and true friend,

JOSIE C. ELLIS.

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120 W. 129TH STREET, NEW YORK, *Feb.* 6, 1886.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I am just in receipt of the paper and the card you so kindly sent me, "In Memoriam," containing the sad inteligence. It was a very great shock to me, and my first intimation of your deep bereavement. My heart aches for you, dear friend, for I know your grief is beyond consolation. Your great love for your daughter and the deep bond of sympathy that was between you makes your loss the greater. Human sympathy is vain, and words of comfort are of no avail in this, your hour of deep sorrow. God alone can give you comfort and strengthen you to bear this sore trial and say "Thy will be done." He knoweth best, though it seems impossible almost to be reconciled to it. Such a lovely character, and one beloved by every one who knew her. Such bright prospects and so much to live for. So gifted and talented, and such a comfort and pride to you and your dear husband. There is a consolation in knowing she led a truly beautiful Christian life. She was one of the children of God and was ready when the call came:

"He giveth His beloved sleep."

God bless and keep you and yours always and give his sustaining grace, which shall be sufficient for all your need. Mr. Counselman joins me in love and sympathy to you and Mr. Forney.

Affectionately and sincerely yours,

JESSIE D. COUNSELMAN.

THE PORTLAND,

WASHINGTON, D. C., *January* 29, 1886.

DEAR MRS. FORNEY:

I was so greatly shocked and distressed when I comprehended your great trouble; meeting you at the threshold of The Portland, I could not realize that in such a short time sorrow, deep sorrow had come to one of our household—a burden which no one save

your kind, good husband can help you to bear. Remember his grief is as great as your own, and for the tender love which he has ever given you try to be brave and help him to bear his grief. Your distress has been felt by all your friends here, and we all wish to do something to comfort you. Miss Flint and Mrs. Olmstead took charge of your rooms, and they bade me say to let them know when you would return so they can have everything in order for you. It is useless to write words of comfort to a heart broken with sorrow. Only the hand of Him who afflicts can heal the wound, when our loved ones are called from earth to heaven. Please express to Mr. Eby my great sympathy, and believe me, dear friends, more now than ever, your attached friend,

ALICE K. BROWN.

HARRISBURG, PA., *Feb.* 5, 1886.

MY DEAR MRS. FORNEY:

Allow me to offer you my deepest sympathy in this your great sorrow and trial. May the Lord be with you and His grace sustain and comfort you in this bereavement; and what a comfort it is to know that He is with us in our grief, and as our Savior ready to intercede for us, and, as He heareth the sparrows when they cry, will also hear us when we call. His ways are above our ways and His providence works beyond our wills to accomplish our highest good. May His abiding presence be your support. I did not call to see you when here because I thought your grief was too great to intrude upon at that time. May the Lord be with you all and bring you through this sore bereavement, is the prayer of your sincere friend,

KATE R. BRYAN.

P. S.—My sister, Mrs. Adams, desires me to send her sympathy and love to you, and says when you come again we will call to see you if agreeable, and know when you are here. K. R. B.

"HAWTHORNE,"

128 WEST FIFTY-NINTH ST., NEW YORK CITY, *Feb.* 16, 1886.

DEAR MRS. FORNEY:

I have been wanting to write to you ever since I heard the sad news of your Emma's death. No one has felt more deeply for you, dear Mrs. Forney, than I have. I can sympathize with you, for I too have lost one very dear to me and who was my best friend on

earth—a loss to which I can never be reconciled. But God is merciful unto us, and gives us strength to bear our affliction. And so He will to you, dear friend. I know that your heart is torn with grief for the loss of your dear child, and I do truly sympathize with you. Dear Emma! she is now at rest. Her troubles in this life are over. She was a good girl, and now she is reaping her reward. Mamma loved her. I wonder if they are together now! I hope so. If at any time you feel like writing to me, I will be very glad to hear from you. But do not, I beg of you, if it is at all painful to you, to write about dear Emma. I wrote this merely to let you know how sorry I am for you and Mr. Forney. I, too, shall mourn the death of my girl friend. Again extending my heartfelt sympathy to you and Mr. Forney, in which my husband joins, with much love,

Ever your friend, HENRIETTA J. BROWN.

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
HARRISBURG, PA., *Jan.* 28, 1886.

W. H. EBY, DEAR FRIEND:

The sudden death of your estimable and greatly beloved wife has saddened the hearts of your wide circle of friends. My words of sympathy cannot express how deeply I am affected by your terrible loss. I cannot be with you at this time, as I would like to, but I hasten to send you a gentle pressure of the hand.

Your friend, T. T. EVERETT.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER WRITTEN TO A FRIEND OF THE DECEASED.

The following is an extract of a letter, dated Duncannon, Pa., written a few days after the funeral, which is deemed appropriate to add to the many other loving tributes paid to the memory of Mrs. Eby:

"Dear Emma, does not her death seem like a dream? I was at her wedding—we went from Baltimore to Washington. It was a beautiful wedding, but not so beautiful as her burial, nor did she look more lovely as a bride than as she lay in her coffin! It may sound strange, but I felt as though I would like just such a funeral—a beautiful vision, a clear, bright day, the body borne to church by

her own friends, the building filled with sympathizing, tearful acquaintances, her own father, mother, sister and husband there, the sermon eulogistic, but not harrowing, comforting and encouraging to all who listened. Yes, I thought it was a lovely funeral!"

For these loving tributes to the memory of a dear, sweet daughter, an affectionate sister and devoted young wife, those who will miss her the most and mourn for her the longest, will ever feel grateful.

EARLY LOST.

"A song bird's warble hushed in the green wood,
Where it once gave Spring's cheerliest melody;
A sweet flower fallen, and with their tears bedewed:
Who had long loved its sunlit hues to see;
A fountain checked amid its crystal glee;
A star gone out, that gladdened the whole heaven;
These are fair types, albeit faint, sweet one,
Of the near ties thine early death hath riven,
Yet, grief hath smiles; for soon, life's winter done,
That song may greet our ears, that bloom our eyes;
That sparkling fount may make its joy our own,
Within the gates of long-lost Paradise
New-found through Faith. Friend, sister, daughter, thou,
Wast named but yesterday; What shall we call thee now?"

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